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[From Carl von Holtei's *Charpie*.]

## REMINISCENCES OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

There was no room at the "kleines Rauchhaus;" not so much as the smallest chamber. The landlady, who looked upon me with a favorable eye, because, two years previously, I had honorably and punctually settled for a friend in Breslau a score of twenty-four thalers, which he had run up at her establishment, was exceedingly sorry to turn me from her door, and so, desiring to keep me as near her as possible, sent me to the Golden Hart directly opposite. This hostelry, too, was thronged with students—for, in the year 1822 a pleasure trip to Dresden was deemed indispensable by every member of a German University during his autumn vacation. Whoever could manage to scrape together a little "tin," made a pilgrimage to the Florence of the Elba, and whoever could not was even more likely to go than those who could, because he was sure of meeting with acquaintances from whom he would get something. If a student found no acquaintances, or found that they had not any more than himself, he and they united to victimize some stranger. I was one of the individuals on whom this honor was conferred by the inmates of the Golden Hart. I did not care for a handful of money more or less. Was not I secretary and poet of the Royal National Theatre, Breslau, with a fixed annual salary of three hundred thalers, not to mention subordinate sources of income, and what I made by literary work? Had I not been despatched by my respected management to engage artists, and had I not so much a day allowed me for expenses? Was I not, moreover, making the business arrangements for a literary periodical, the first number of which, under the title of *Deutsche Blätter*, etc., was to appear on the 1st January, 1823? I was a man of importance. It struck me as a remarkable piece of condescension on my part that I should be contented with a third-class inn, when hotels of a very different sort were open to me. At first the students took confoundedly little notice of me; my titles did not appear to impress them. But, after we had drunk together, and they had found out I was a good sort of a fellow, they became more friendly. We proceeded arm-in-arm to the theatre, but it was only with great difficulty we could force our way into the pit. *Der Freischütz* was to be performed, and the composer to conduct for the first time after his return from leave of absence. All eyes were directed to where he was to appear. Like every one else, I, too, was exceedingly anxious to see the master whose vigorous martial songs I had, when a rifle volunteer, sung so often with my comrades on the march. A few of the students from the "kleines Rauchhaus" who had already seen him, described him as being lame. One of them even knew several of his cousins, and assured us that every individual among them was also lame, and, at the same time a musical conductor; both the lameness and the conductorship being points in the family likeness. While we were waiting and gazing impatiently before us, there was a movement behind, and, ere we could look around, we perceived a tall and magnificent laurel in a splendid case wreathed with garlands of flowers. Borne aloft by countless hands that rose up from the crowd, the significant gift moved onwards towards the orchestra. So active and clever were all those who stood or

sat on its road, that it reached the conductor's seat at the very moment that Carl Maria von Weber made his appearance.

People become in time old, dull, and indifferent. I have become so myself. But, even at the present day the recollection of that hour is still present to my mind in all the freshness of youth, and, as I write down these lines, the first sounds of the overture penetrate to my heart as though through the cheers of the audience, and a delicious shudder of sweet melancholy runs through me. Good Heavens, how we shouted! I and my students from the Golden Hart, and the others from the "kleines Rauchhaus," and the rest, how we shouted, one and all: "Hurrah, Weber! Hurrah, Weber!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.—The youth having reached the metropolis, lodged first in Shoreditch and afterward in Brooke street, Holborn. His conduct was now extraordinary: he wrote home declaring himself to be on the high road to fame and fortune. In one letter he exultingly cried out, "Bravo, boys! up we go!" In another, written about a month before his death, he says: "My company is courted everywhere," and speaks of himself as the associate of eminent persons. Yet, during a great part of this time, he was on the verge of absolute want. He had, indeed, obtained access to publishers, and his pocket-book contains various entries of sums paid for articles in magazines; but time was wanted to work his way, and starvation was gradually approaching. He lodged during the last ten weeks of his life at No. 4 Brooke street, Holborn, in a "garret room," where his landlady, "Mrs. Angel, sack-maker," (dress-maker,) gradually awoke to the conviction that her young and strange lodger was in a sad state of poverty. The weekly rent was indeed paid to the day, but the signs of want could not be mistaken. One loaf lasted him for a week, and a stale one was always bought. Two days before death came, the baker refused even the stale loaf until three shillings and sixpence, then due, were paid. That money was found. A little more must have been obtained, as the next day the young man purchased from Mr. Cross, a neighboring chemist, a little arsenic "for an experiment!" When about to go up to his room that evening, Aug. 24, Mrs. Angel was struck by a peculiar gentleness in his manner, and by his kissing her when he bade her "good night." The next morning, the young Bristol poet, the author of Rowley's poems, was found dead, a suicide, in his eighteenth year. Alone, he had dreamed when a child in Radcliffe church; alone, he had toiled over his parchments in his little room in his mother's house; and alone, he died in the heart of London.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE SMART.—A mural tablet, by Forsyth, has just been erected in St. Giles' to the memory of this musician. The design is simple, but in good taste, fulfilling, we believe, the expressed wishes of the deceased, whose unostentatious habits never failed to endear him to all who had the happiness of his friendship. It bears the following inscription: "In memory of Sir George Thomas Smart, organist and composer, of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal; born May 10, 1776; Died February 23, 1867, aged 90 years. 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.'—Heb. iv. 9."

MUNICH.—From a statement, published by the Intendant, of the performances at the two Theatres Royal last year, it appears that 120 operas, 1 oratorio, and 9 ballets were played. Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was given for the first time, and proved eminently successful. The revivals were *Jessonda*, Spohr; *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Richard Wagner; and *Johann von Paris*, Boieldieu. The composer, whose works were represented most frequently was Meyerbeer, who claims 15 evenings; next comes Lortzing with 11; then Mozart with 9; and Bellini with 6.—Gluck's *Armida* will be revived next month.—Herr Richard Wagner has been again staying here a short time.

DARMSTADT.—Herr Mangold's oratorio of *Frithjof* has been successfully produced here.—Verdi's *Don Carlos* will be brought out next month.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—M. Gounod's *Romeo und Julie* has been produced here, but, as in other towns in Germany, without producing very great impression.

HAMBURG.—Herr Wüerst's opera, *Vineta*, already successfully performed in Breslau and Mannheim, is shortly to be produced here also. M. Offenbach's operetta of *Blaubart* has proved a hit.

FLORENCE.—A committee has been formed to erect a monument to Pacini. Prince Poniatowski is the chairman. The prince has just completed an opera, which is to be produced in the spring at Paris.

COLOGNE.—At a concert lately given by the *Männergesangsverein*, under the direction of Herr Weber, the following pieces were performed:—"Schlummerlied," Weber; "Bilder aus Osten," Schumann; "Der Gondelfahrer," Schubert; Fantasia for the Violoncello, Servais; Song of Triumph from *Die Hermannsschlacht*, F. Lachner, etc.

STRALSUND.—The King of Sweden has conferred the large gold medal, "Literarische et Artibus," on Herr Bratfisch, Musical Director.

TORGU.—The *Œdipus in Colonus* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, was performed on the 22nd ult., in the Gymnasium.

LEIPZIG.—Fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert: Symphony in G major (No. 9), J. Haydn; Scene and Aria from *Enryanthe*, C. M. von Weber (Herr Stockhausen); Pianoforte Concerto, Henselt (Herr Barth); Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; Solo Pieces for Pianoforte; Concerto (No. 1) for Violoncello, Golttermann (Herr Hegar); and Songs, Schubert.—The Abbé Liszt's oratorio of *Die Heilige Elisabeth* has been performed by Riedel's Association, the part of Elisabeth being sung by Madame Diez from Munich.

MADRID.—At the Teatro Real, *L'Elisir d'Amore* has been succeeded by *Don Giovanni*. The principal characters were sustained by Mesdames Penco, Sonneri, and Dalte, Signori Tamberlick, Bonnehée, Varvaro, and Selva.—*L'Ange de Minuit*, which MM. Barrière and Plouvier wrote for the Ambigu-Comique, Paris, has been produced, with sundry modifications, under the title of *El Angel de la Muerte*, at the Teatro de la Zarzuela, but has not proved very attractive.

ROME.—By order of the censure, Donizetti's opera, *La Favorita*, has been rechristened *Daila*. The story is laid in Turkey, and the characters are named Leonora, Daila, Fernando, Zuppiro, Don Alfonso, Almandor, and Baldassares.